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THE
BUMMER BOY,
A "SPOONY" BIOGRAPHY.



By "THAT BRICK."

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

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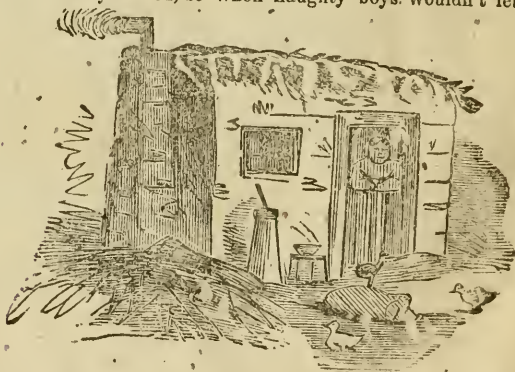
THE BUMMER BOY

A "SPOONEY" BIOGRAPHY

After the manner of "The Pioneer Boy," "The Farmer Boy," "The Tanner Boy," etc.,

WARRANTED O. K. IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

BEN. BUTLER was born in Deerfield, N. H., on the 5th day of November, 1818. Most persons meet with this experience; still, in the case of our hero, it had an important influence upon his future career, and shows how natural talent will make important even so trifling an event as being born. Ben was rather a puny baby, probably thinking it scarcely worth while to be strong, as he had a big brother. Ben was always a good little boy; he never liked to swat other little boys over the smeller—if there was any likelihood of their hitting back, and always avoided quarrels and blows. He had read that gentle words turn away wrath, so when naughty boys wouldn't let Benny



House where Benny was Born, also Showing his Maternal Ancestress in the Doorway.

Take-away their marbles or pull their hair, he'd get behind his big brother and holler out: "You stungy old slab-sided hog, I won't play

with you any more." Which shows he was of good principles and avoided evil companions.

But this did not occur immediately after birth. It was not until his mamma attempted to wean him that he displayed characteristics distinguishing from ordinary beings. On his mamma's offering him some pap she was delighted with the dexterity with which he seized the spoon—to feed himself, she thought, but she was mistaken. With all his baby strength he eagerly twisted it around until the silver plating



Benny Butler at School.

gave way, disclosing the baser metal beneath. Then with a sigh he cast it aside. This is an example of a desire for useful knowledge which all children should imitate, that they may grow up wise and good men.

As Benny grew older he developed a great taste for reading. By the time he was ten years old he had read "Jack and the Bean Stalk" entirely through, as also "The Forty Thieves," "Cock Robin," and "Brandreth's Cathartic Almanac." When ten years of age, Benny's mamma removed with him and his brother to Lowell. Benny's papa had meantime died in the West Indies.

At this time Benny developed a remarkable propensity for metallurgy, especially that branch relating to silver spoons; and by diligent research

he got together quite a fine cabinet which he arrayed neatly between the mattresses of his bed. This collection became quite celebrated and was visited by numerous persons, including some of the most learned in the neighborhood, anxious to see if they could recognize any of their specimens.

Benny about this time wished to go to West Point and learn to play soldier, but his mamma had heard that the cadets there smoke sweet-fern cigarettes and drank spruce beer, so was afraid to trust little Benny among such temptations. So she sent him to a baptist school in Maine, with six copies of Watts' hymns, three Pilgrim's Progresses, and a change of underclothing. Here he tackled Webster's spelling book, and the primary geography with that vigorous intellect for which he had already become noted, and soon mastered the English orthography as far as, "b-a, ba-k e-r, ker—baker," and also learned that the world is round like a dinner plate, and that the United States is a province of the kingdom of Massachusetts. To achieve these results required a severe strain on his not over robust system, so he gladly accepted an uncle's offer of a sea voyage in a fishing-smack. On this voyage he luxuriated on cod liver oil and became so slick and oily as to be just fitted for the law, which profession he took up in 1840. His first operation was to dissuade the mill girls from rebelling against thirteen hours as a day's labor; so getting all hunky with the mill owners, who, of course, were more likely to patronize the law than poor girls would be.

Benny had now grown up to be quite a young man, so we must now call him Mr. Butler. He continued to be a lawyer and learned to do all sorts of clever little tricks which make the law so interesting and amusing to the folks who can afford to have lawyers and go to law. One, a man in Boston, of respectable connections and some wealth, being afflicted with a mania for stealing, was at length brought to trial on four indictments; and a host of lawyers were assembled, engaged in the case, expecting a long and sharp contest. It was hot summer weather; the judge was old, and indolent; the officers of the court were weary of the session and anxious to adjourn. General Butler was counsel for the prisoner. It is a law in Massachusetts that the repetition of a crime by the same offender, within a certain period, shall entail a severer punishment than the first offense. A third repetition involves more severity, and a fourth still more. According to this law, the prisoner, if convicted on all four indictments, would be liable to imprisonment in the penitentiary for the term of sixty years. As the court was assembling General Butler remonstrated with the counsel for the prosecution, upon the rigor of their proposed proceedings. Surely one indictment would answer the ends of justice; why condemn the man to imprisonment for life for what was evidently more a disease than a crime? They agreed at length to quash three of the indictments, on condition that the prisoner should plead guilty to the one which charged the theft of the greatest amount. The prisoner was arraigned.

"Are you guilty, or not guilty?"

"Say guilty, sir," said General Butler, from his place in the bar, in his most commanding tone.

The man cast a helpless, bewildered look at his counsel, and said nothing.

"Say guilty, sir," repeated the General, looking into the prisoner's eyes.

The man, without a will, was compelled to obey, by the very constitution of his infirm mind.

"Guilty," he faltered, and sank down into his seat, crushed with a sense of shame.

"Now, gentleman," said the counsel for the prisoner, "have I, or have I not, performed my part of the compact?"

"You have."

"Then perform yours."

This was done. A *Nol. Pros.* was duly entered upon the three indictments. The counsel for the prosecution immediately moved for sentence.

General Butler then rose with the other indictment in his hand, and pointed out a flaw in it, manifest and fatal. The error consisted in designating the place where the crime was committed.

"Your honor perceives," said the general, "that this court has no jurisdiction in the matter. I move that the prisoner be discharged from custody."

Ten minutes from that time the astounded man was walking out of the court room free.

Of course a sharp lawyer like this early saw the desirability of having a hand in politics, but somehow he always figures in the minority as though his constituents were unwilling to burden him with the cares and labors of office. Finally, in 1860 Mr. Butler was sent as a delegate to the democratic convention in Charleston. After this he ran for governor of Mass., and was almost unanimously elected—to remain in private life.

—:O:—

BUTLER AND THE WAR.

After long muttering; the war of secession broke upon the country like a thunder-bolt. Butler by means probably known to himself, became a brigadier, perhaps no particular difficulty was experienced, in so doing for within a few years we believe the majority of people became brigadiers, according to their statements, and they ought to know. So Butler started off with a lot of troops to go "down to Washington to fight for Abraham's daughter." Tears oozed from his eyes, trickled down his nose and dripped upon the floor, as he pressed the wife of his bosom to his aforesaid bosom, while his children hugged his legs and entreated him not to go; or if he *must* go, to leave them some pennies to buy candy with.

On his way to Boston common to join his command, Gen. B. stopped

at a barber's shop. While under the hands of this artist, one of the soldiers appeared and begged to be excused from going to the wars, saying he had left a wife and three children crying for him.

"Well," said the general, "I've left a wife and *four* children, and a nursemaid, and the cook, all crying for *me*; to say nothing of my office boy whom I've just walloped so that he needn't feel *too* much grieved at my leaving." And he had the soldier arrested as a deserter. There is a valuable lesson in this which the young should lay to heart. They will no doubt readily see it; we haven't time to point it out, and indeed, to tell the truth, the point has slipped our memory.

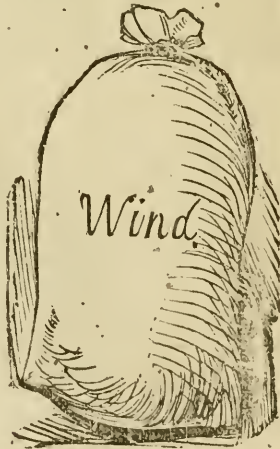
When Butler and his men got as far as Annapolis they got a big scare. A little boat came within hailing distance of Butler's transport steamer in the darkness of night. Each party took the other for secessionists though the little boat after all contained a party of unionists.

While at Annapolis the general was one night at about twelve o'clock about to go to bed tired out by the labors of the day. An anxious-looking newspaper correspondent entered his room. "General," said he, "where am I to sleep to-night?"

"Sir," said the tired commander, "I have done to-day about everything a man ever did in the world; but I am not going to turn chambermaid, by Jove!"

"Oh! I beg pardon," said the reporter; "of course I shouldn't expect a Butler to turn chambermaid. I suppose of course you confine yourself to looking out for the glass and china ware and the spoons!"

After a good deal of figurative measuring off of red tape, and the exhaustion of a good deal of



and numerous free rides to and fro to Washington, Gen. Butler made a grand flank movement on Baltimore, through which it was feared his troops would not be permitted to pass, and amidst a violent rain storm, through which the gallant "Sixth" had to march without



Butler Planting Cannon on Federal Hill.

umbrellas, Butler and his men gained the summit of Federal Hill, planted their cannon and felt that the Monumental City was their own.

Just as the general had turned into a mud puddle for a few hours snooze with a smaller puddle for a pillow an aid-de-camp aroused him with the startling intelligence that he had discovered signs of the hill being mined, and likely to blow them at any moment—to hades, as Mrs. Southworth calls it in her Ledger stories. But it turned out that the mysterious signs were only hollows children had made in making sand pies, and the general returned to his virtuous, though slightly watery, couch; where he *Requiescatted in peace* (to quote Horace) till morning.

The general's stay in Baltimore was short, being recalled by Gen. Scott. On his return to Washington some friends gave him a serenade, and Gen. Scott gave him a scolding because he had risked getting into a fight! which would have been very absurd and wrong for soldiers to do. Ben felt so hurt at this reprimand that he went right up to his little bed-room and cried for half an hour and made his dear little eyes all red. Why it *should* hurt him I can't imagine; he must have been exceedingly tender, for Gen. Scott says he didn't even slap him with his open hand.

Perhaps though this was a variation of a clever little trick he used to practice at school—to always yawp when scolded so the teacher wouldn't have the cruelty to lick one who felt his reprimand so keenly.

BUTLER'S "CONTRABANDS."

Our General next receives command of Fortress Monroe, and on the evening of the second day after his arrival at the post, the event occurred which will for ever connect the name of General Butler with the history of abolition. Colonel Phelps's visit to Hampton had thrown the white inhabitants into such alarm that most of them prepared for flight, and many left their homes that night, never to see them again. In the confusion three negroes escaped, and, making their way across the bridges, gave themselves up to a Union picket, saying that their



A "Freedman" Enjoying his Liberty at Fortress Monroe.

master, Colonel Mallory, was about to remove them to North Carolina to work upon confederate fortifications there. They were brought to the fortress, and the circumstances were reported to the general in the morning. He questioned each of them separately, and the truth of their story became manifest. He needed laborers. He was aware that the rebel batteries that were rising around him were the work

chiefly of slaves, without whose assistance they could not have been erected in time to give him trouble. He wished to keep these men. The garrison wished them kept. The country would have deplored or resented the sending of them away. If they had been Colonel Mallory's horses, or Colonel Mallory's spades, or Colonel Mallory's percussion caps, or Colonel Mallory's spoons, he would have seized them and used them without hesitation. Why not property more valuable for the purpose of the rebellion than any other?

He pronounced the electric words, "These men are CONTRABAND OF WAR; set them at work."

"An epigram," as Winthrop remarks, "abolished slavery in the United States." The word took; for it gave the north an excuse for doing what it was longing to do.

Then more "contrabands" kept coming in and Butler with noble philanthropy gave them all their freedom—so long as they worked on his fortifications, from sunrise to sunset each day. He also had them instructed in the rudiments of knowledge to the extent of knowing "how many beans made five." Their happiness was also looked to, and each night they were allowed to amuse themselves by splitting kindling wood, digging potatoes and hoeing cabbages in the garden attached to the fort.

One day an elderly, grave church-warden looking gentleman entered the fort, oppressed with care and grief. He said he had come to ask the officer commanding the post for the return of one of his negroes—only one; and he proceeded to relate the circumstances upon which he based his modest request.

"I have always treated my negroes kindly, I supposed they loved me. Last Sunday, I went to church. When I returned from church, and entered into my house, I called Mary to take off my coat and hang it up. But Mary did not come. And again I called Mary in a louder voice, but I received no answer. Then I went into the room to find Mary, but I found her not. There was no one in the room. I went into the kitchen. There was no one in the kitchen. I went into the garden. There was no one in the garden. I went to the negro quarters. There was no one in the negro quarters. All my negroes had departed, sir, while I was at the house of God. Then I went back again into my house. And soon there came to me James, who has been my body-servant for many years. And I said to James:

"James, what has happened?"

"And James said, 'All the people have gone to the fort.'

"While I was gone to the house of God, James?"

"And James said, 'Yes, master, they're all gone.'

"And I said to James, 'why didn't you go too, James?'

"And James said, 'Master, I'll never leave you.'

"Well James,' said I, 'as there's nobody to cook, see if you can get me some cold victuals and some whisky.'

"So James got me some cold victuals, and I ate them with a heavy heart. And when I had eaten, I said to James:

"James, it is of no use for us to stay here. Let us go to your mistress."

"His mistress, sir, had gone away from her home, eleven miles, fleeing from the dangers of the war.

"And so, James," said I, "harness the best horse to the cart, and put into the cart our best bed, and some bacon, and some corn meal, and, James, some whiskey, and we will go unto your mistress."

"And James did even as I told him, and some few necessaries besides. And we started. It was a heavy load for the horse. I trudged along on foot, and James led the horse. It was late at night, sir, when we arrived, and I said to James:

"James; it's of no use to unload the cart to-night. Put the horse into the barn, and unload the cart in the morning."

"And James said, 'Yes, master.'"

"I met my wife, sir; I embraced her, and went to bed; and, notwithstanding my troubles, I slept soundly. The next morning *James was gone!* Then I came here, and the first thing I saw when I got here was James peddling cabbages to your men out of that very cart."

Our hero figured in several little battles from time to time, in which nobody was killed, nobody wounded, but at least onebody scarred. It is said by physiologists that that man who knows his danger and fears it is more truly brave than he who don't know it and so isn't frightened. As our hero was certain there was much more danger than really existed and feared it thoroughly, he unquestionably deserves credit for great bravery.

Somehow the government about this time gently hinted that it could get along without him. This hint consisted in relieving him of his command.

About this time, or rather before, an incident occurs showing the rare system upon which the Washington authorities conducted military operations. Had King Theodore but been blessed with such modle officials at his court how might not *his* war have resulted!!

By mere accident General Butler heard one day that his troops had been sent, two weeks before, from Fortress Monroe to Port Royal. "What?" he exclaimed, "have I been played with all this time?" He discovered, upon inquiry, that such an order had been issued. He procured an interview with Mr. Stanton, gave him a history of his proceedings, and asked an explanation of the order. Mr. Stanton knew nothing about it; Mr. Cameron knew nothing about it; General McClellan, knew nothing about it. Nevertheless, the order in question had really been sent. Mr. Stanton readily agreed to countermand the order, provided the troops had not already departed. The general hurried to the telegraph office, where, under a rapid fire of messages, a still more wonderful fact was disclosed. The mysterious order had been received in Baltimore by one of General Dix's aids, who had put it into his pocket, *forgotten it, and carried it about with him two weeks!* From the depths of his pocket it was finally brought to light. The troops were still at the fortress.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.

During a confab with the Secretary of War, that officer had said to Gen. Butler:

"Why can't New Orleans be taken?"

Gen. Butler wasn't the man to give up so easy a conundrum as that so he said: "IT CAN!" in tones only to be adequately represented in capitals. And so it came to pass that transports were procured, troops ditto, groceries and gunpowder ditto, musquito nets and concentrated rye, for the officers, ditto, and the expedition started. Ship Island, consisting of some bushels of sand scattered in the Gulf of Mexico was selected as a rendezvous, preparatory to the descent (or rather ascent) on the city, and a portion of the troops sent forward in advance of the general to take possession.

It was observed that the first aspect of this island struck death to the hopes of arriving troops. They faintly strove to cheer their spirits with jocular allusions to the garden of Eden and to Coney Island; and one of General Phelps's men, on looking over the ship's side upon the desolate scene of his future home, raised a doleful laugh by exclaiming in the language of Watts:

"Lord, what a wretched land is this,
Which yields us no supplies!"

Meantime General Butler and the remainder of his forces were

*Will you have a piece
of leg, or do you prefer
a slice of the heel.*

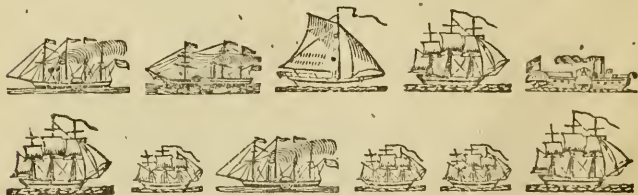


Delicacies of the Season at Ship Island.

running on sand bars, almost upset by big waves, and meeting with other highly romantic adventures. The men on the island were one day just finishing up their sumptuous repast of mock turtle soup, boiled lamb and green peas, (the mock turtles were tadpoles caught with a bent pin, and the lamb was the last remaining government brogans, with the pegs thereof serving as the green peas) when Butler at last arrived, and cheered the men with his presence, his "hard tack" and his "salt junk."

Up to this time the public were entirely ignorant of the "big thing" on the tapis. The veracious editor of the New York Herald had deluged them each day with full and authentic particulars of the expedition and its objects, but with the versatility for which this gentleman is noted his account was each day entirely different from any preceding one, and with the delicate humor always found in the Herald, Mr. Bennett jocosely refrained from ever hinting at the true destination of the troops. As a premature disclosure thereof would have been damaging to its success, Mr. Bennett displayed a degree of patriotism and self-sacrifice which has seldom been met with among newspaper men—excepting, as in Bennett's case they really know nothing about the matter.

In this enterprise General Butler had the trifling aid of some forty-seven vessels of war, mortar boats, &c., under command of a sailor named Farragut, still indistinctly remembered in history for having been up on the mast tied to the rigging and looking through a spy glass. As our duties now are to chronicle the exploits of our hero, it is scarcely worth while to refer at length to the doings of this sailor chap. Suffice it to say that he succeeded one dark night in running past the two forts which guarded the approach to the city, licked the confederate naval tubs, and opened the way for "Butler's capture of



Capt. Farragut's Fleet.—From a Great Historical Painting in the Capitol at Washington.

New Orleans." This is not deserving of much credit though one of these forts, partly completed, insufficiently manned and armed, had, during our war with England, knocked Wellington's veterans into a cocked hat and sent them swiveling down the river. But for Americans to thrash England has ceased to be a novelty, and is an event scarcely worth mentioning. It requires such circumstances as the Chinese war, the seppoy rebellion, or the Abyssinian war, to display the

nobility, heroism and chivalrous civilization of the Briton. The justice tempered with mercy—Britannia's firm but gentle rule—is best shown by bombarding Chinese cities, and breaking down that arrogant exclusiveness which prompted the celestials to refuse to buy English opinion to poison themselves with; in blowing barbarous sepoys from the cannon's mouth to teach them the sacrilege of raising their impious hands against the sovereignty of Great Britain; and in capturing and sacking a city defended by spears, arrows, and a few worthless old muskets and cannons, and carrying off the gold and silver found in the churches, that it might be turned to useful account in England instead of being wasted among a lot of savage niggers. All glory to England for teaching a half naked Abyssinian chief the wickedness of imprisoning foreigners—especially *English* ones—for blackguarding him. (Of course Fenians should be arrested and hung for abusive language toward or about the Queen of England; the intelligent reader will, of course, perceive that the cases are not at all similar in any respect.)

After six days bombardment of the forts Captain Farragut's fleet succeeded in running up the river after having rather a rough time of it. Meantime Butler was in the swamps with his men, and a portion of the confederate garrison of Fort Jackson came forth and surrendered, because they were tired of the noise, and as the Yankees could never take the fort otherwise, they had resolved to surrender, to stop the racket. So the forts surrendered.

On the 24th of April the people of New Orleans retired to their feather beds in implicit confidence that there was no danger; and the gentlest maiden among them dreamed not of the Yankee foe even then approaching.

At half-past nine in the morning, late risers still dawdling over their coffee and Delta, the bell of one of the churches, which had been designated as the alarm bell, struck the concerted signal of alarm—twelve



Bird's-Eye View of New Orleans.---From Harper's Weekly.

strokes four times repeated. It was the well known summons for all armed bodies to assemble at their head quarters. There was a wild rush to the newspaper bulletin boards.

"It is reported that two of the enemy's gun boats have succeeded in passing the forts."

This was all that came over the wires before Captain Farragut cut them; but it was enough to give New Orleans a dismal premonition of the coming catastrophe. The troops flew to their respective rendezvous. The city was filled with rumors. The whole population was in the streets all day. The bulletin boards were besieged, but nothing could be extracted from them. There were but twenty-eight hundred Confederate troops in the city; and General Lovell, their commander,

had gone down to the forts the day before, and was now galloping back along the levee like a man riding a steeple chase. The militia, however, were numerous; conspicuous among them the European Brigade, composed of French, English and Spanish battalions.

At such a time, could the Thugs be inactive? To keep them in check, to save the city from conflagration and plunder, the mayor called upon the European Brigade, and placed the city under their charge. They accepted the duty, repressed the tumult, and prevented the destruction of the town, threatened alike by frenzied women and spoliating rowdies.



The European Brigade Preserving Order and Quiet.

About twelve o'clock, the fleet hove in sight of assembled New Orleans. The seven miles of crescent levee were one living fringe of human beings, who looked upon the coming ships with inexpressible sorrow, shame and anger. Again the cry arose, burn the city; a cry that might have been obeyed but for the known presence and determination of the European Brigade.*

*James Parton.

THE GENERAL AT NEW ORLEANS.

Up the river came the troops welcomed by capering darkies, who like the famous Uncle Edward we read of "threw down the shubble



Darkey being Drefful Glad to see Butler.

an' de hoe," and hopped about as though they had a couple of yards of mustard plaster on each heel, drawing like blazes. "Dey so glad to see Mas'r. Mas'r hab his valise toted?"

Mrs. Butler came up on the transport Mississippi on May 1st, mov-



ing day, and after fixing her toilet, putting on a slap up new bonnet to astonish the feminine natives, went ashore with her husband.

Butler's first act was to spread himself in a proclamation. As no office was eager to print this effusion the general sent a squad of

printer-soldiers, who entered the office of the "True Delta," laid down one kind of "shooting stick" and took up another, and with the remark that they hoped they didn't intrude—which the proprietors did not think required reply as they couldn't help themselves—printed the proclamation.

Butler's next care was the commissary department, and taking possession of the St. Charles hotel, as his headquarters. Here he enjoyed the perusal of sundry letters addressed to him by the admiring public.

"We'll get the better of you yet, old cock-eye," remarked one of his correspondents. Another requested him to wait a month or two, and see what Yellow Jack would do for him. Another warned him to look out for poison in his food. Both the general and Mrs. Butler received many epistles, during the first few weeks, of a like highly eulogistic tenor.

Then he issued a proclamation. Then he hired a lot of starving citizens to sweep the streets at outrageously low wages and sold them grub at outrageously high prices. Then he issued a proclamation. Then he invited some prominent citizens (of opposite political opinions) to make him a little testimonial of some \$300,000, to "run the machine." Then he distributed innumerable "feeds" to such of the people as had the good fortune to be born with black or yellow cuticles. Then he issued a proclamation. The last proclamation read as follows:

Head-Quarters, Department of the Gulf, New Orleans, May 15, 1862.

"General Order No. 28: As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subject to repeated insults from the women (calling themselves ladies) of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered that hereafter when any female shall, by word, gesture or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded as a woman of the town plying her avocation. By command of

Geo. C. Strong, As A. G., Chief of Staff.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER."

That is, she shall be held liable, according to the law of New Orleans, to be arrested, detained over night in the calaboose, brought before a magistrate in the morning, and fined five dollars.

Glorious nobility on the part of the heroic and chivalrous General. Women of the world shout praises to this magnanimous "man"! !!

That the general's noble qualities were fitly estimated among the people best qualified to judge them, the following communication to a Georgia paper, shows:

"Editor of the Republican:—Seeing your spirited notice in this morning's paper, of the offer of a noble Mississippian to give a reward of \$10,000 for the infamous Butler's head, can you not suggest, through your valuable journal, the propriety of every woman in our Confederacy contributing her mite to triple the sum, for a consummation dear to the insulted honor of our countrywomen, one and all.

Respectfully,

A SAVANNAH WOMAN."

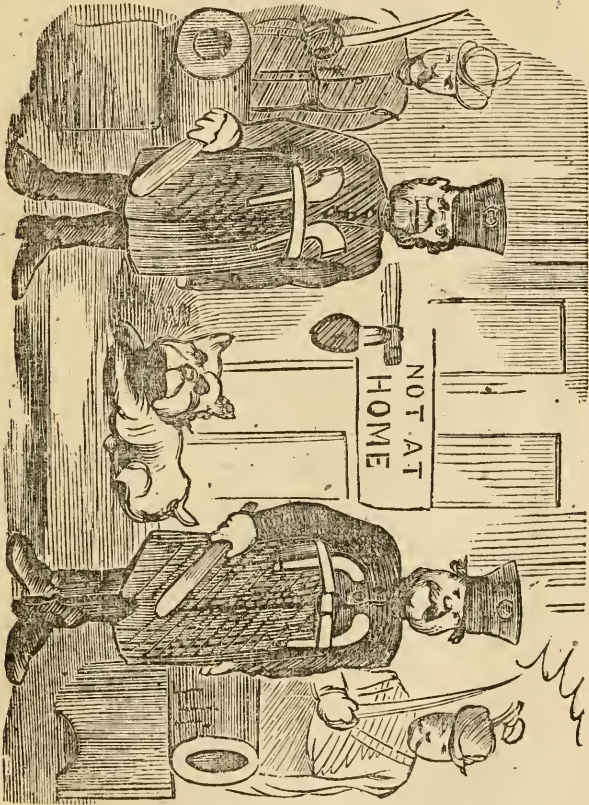
Savannah, June 10, 1862.

A man whose head alone is valued so highly must have been prized beyond all price.

Then he assumed control and command of the city and set a guard to protect him from rabid secessionists.

Then he hung a man named Mumford for hauling down a flag, an innocent, unsophiscated fellow, gentle and simple as a lamb no doubt as it is said he was accustomed to "gamble on the green."

The Guard Protecting Butler from Rabid Secessionists.



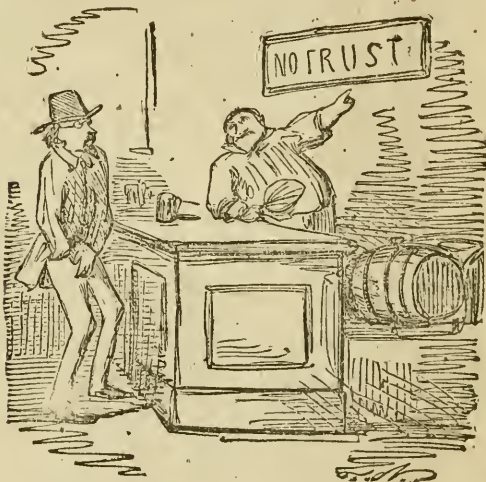
The venerable Dr. Mercer, a man of eighty honorable years, once the familiar friend and frequent host of Henry Clay, a gentleman of boundless generosity and benevolence, the patron of all that redeemed New Orleans, came to head-quarters, an hour before the execution, to ask for Mumford's life.

"Give me this man's life, general," said he, while the tears rolled down his cheeks. "It is but a scratch of your pen."

"True," replied the general. "But a scratch of my pen could burn New Orleans. I could as soon do the one act as the other."

Soon after the general got a scent of some silver belonging to one of the banks, but hidden for safety in the Dutch-consul's safe. A watchful darkey had discovered the fact, and noted it down in an old bible; never having perused the "Guide to Authorship," however, his narrative was not a model of literature, but it served the purpose. Butler snelt a mice, rewarded the darkey with a ten cent scrip, and sent Capt. Shipley with Lieut. Kinsman with a squad of marines to secure the plunder, which was, of course, "contraband."

Captain Shipley appeared at the Dutch consulate, communicated



Credit at a Discount.

his intention to search the premises and demanded of M. Conturie the key of the vault. The consul refused to deliver it.

"Then I shall be obliged to force the door," said the captain.

"With regard to that, you will do as you please," said Conturie, who again protested against the violation of his office and flag. He said it would be of no use to search the office, for the key of the vault was upon his own person.

Lieutenant Kinsman to officers: "Search this man."

Captain Shipley and Lieutenant Whitcomb, approached "this man" to obey the order.

Lieutenant Kinsman: "Search the fellow thoroughly. Strip him. Take off his coat, his stockings. Search even the soles of his shoes."

M. Conturie: "You call me fellow! That word is never applied to a gentleman, far less to a foreign consul, acting in his consular capacity, as I am now. I ask you to remember that you used that word."

Lieutenant Kinsman: "Certainly, fellow is the name I applied to you. I don't care if you were the consul of Jerusalem, I am going to look into your vault."

One of the officers took a key from the coat pocket of the consul, which proved not to be the one required. Conturie then made a slight movement, which plainly said, that the pocket to look into was a certain one in his pantaloons. The silent hint was taken. The key was found. The vault was opened; and, lo! a cord and a half of kegs of silver coin, marked "Hope & Co." The kegs were one hundred and sixty in number, each containing five thousand Mexican dollars.

On complaining afterward to Sec. Seward, the latter replied to Mr. C. in a long note which censured this proceeding, and in substance amounted to the statement, that only the secretary of state, acting under the authority of the president, has the right to put his hand into a consul's pocket, and take out a key.

The currency of New Orleans was of a slightly miscellaneous character. Car tickets, milk tickets, tickets for bread or beer, and all kinds of things except coin. When a man found himself "busted" financially, and tradesmen not knowing (or too well knowing) him refused to credit, all he had to do was to get some little cards printed with

GOOD FOR TEN CENTS

When presented in sums of one hundred dollars or over, to me—if you're able to find me.

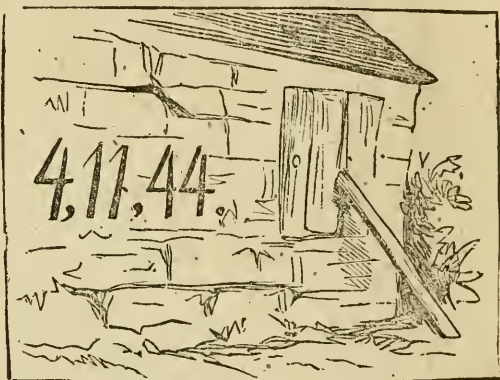
STONEWALL JACKSON BEAUREGARD JONES.

—printed on them. He needn't even have money to pay for his printing, for after the job was printed all he need do was to let the printer take out a few and pay himself. Printers are such darned fools, you know, its rather a joke than otherwise to stick them.

Now Ben Butler had a brother, and that brother was a great financier. He got lots of money printed, bought lots of cotton, sugar, and "such" with it, got passes from his brother, shipped his stuff to the north, and—report sayeth he didn't loose *much* by the operation. Envious persons said the general had a finger in the pie, but the report originated in a very simple and touching incident of brotherly affection. The speculating brother *did* occasionally call and "see" the other. What is more beautiful than the sight of two brothers loving one another, and sharing one another's joys and sorrows—and other things too numerous to mention.

About this time there was an attempt made by some confederate prisoners in New Orleans, to escape to their comrades outside the Federal lines. This naturally awakened in General Butler's mind fears for the safety of Washington and Bunker Hill monument, so he,

with rare presence of mind, locked himself up in the garret of the St. Charles hotel, stuffed the feather bed in the window, and ordered the arrest of the guilty conspirators, and the seizure of all iron-clads, cannons, rifles, muskets, bullets, (or spoons which could be made into bullets) &c., to be found secreted in the houses of the citizens; and warned all persons against posting bills inciting resistance to King—we should say *General Butler*, or the making of any mysterious or secret marks or ciphers on walls or fences, least these should serve as means for communicating. One zealous officer seized the hats of a large number of negroes, as he stated that an examination of their contents had shown that they were liable to *go off* at any moment.



Mysterious Signs of Conspiracy.

A most brilliant specimen of engineering was the General's scheme to dig a ditch across a peninsula of the Mississippi river, so as to turn the river from its old course into a new channel, away behind Vicksburg ever so many miles, and leave that city high and dry with the empty bed of a departed river before it. But it would seem that our hero was neither "born to set the Thames on fire" nor turn the Mississippi from its course. The Father of Waters went composedly on his way not deigning to notice the puny efforts of the sweating dirt pitchers, and leaving them with their ditch like the shipwrecked mariner with "water, water, everywhere, but not a drop" in their ditch. Still it was a splendid specimen of engineering—a most splendid one. So Vicksburg continued to control the Mississippi and the confederates continued to control Vicksburg.

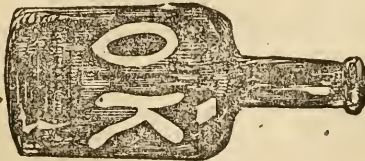
While everything was hunky, the general was one morning looking out to sea—through a contraband theodolite he had captured, mistaking it for a spy glass,—on the look out for the commission as com-

mander in chief, of which he was in daily expectation. Behold a sail! A good ship is coming up the river with the compliments of the president and the appointment as general-in-chief—only it ain't. On the contrary it brings Gen. Banks who has been appointed as his successor.



Butler Taking a Squint.

So Butler having nothing else to do went home as a private citizen of the United States. We must pass rapidly over the succeeding events of his life. There are two places to which persons are sent whose companionship a community desires to be got rid of—Jail and Congress. Congress being farther away of the two, Mr. Butler's neighbors sent him to Congress. He bore up bravely under the misfortune and was cheerful—owing, perhaps, to \$5,000 a year, and the fact that at Washington everything relating to spiritual consolation is



On his way to Washington he stopped at New York where he had a highly appreciative reception from the public to whom he speechified. Great enthusiasm was exhibited and suitable vegetable testimonials presented to him, besides numerous unhatched chickens—emblems of

purity and innocence. His well known modesty and diffidence led him to try to avoid some of these presents, by dodging, but unsuccessfully.

The most important event--to tax-payers who have to foot all such bills--during Butler's term of office has been the great impeachment fizzle, and Butler's efforts to squeeze a confession out of Woolley the man who was said to have used influence with the pocket books of certain senators to secure Johnson's acquittal. But impeachment was dead, and all efforts to resuscitate the carcasses were unavailing, so



Butler and the Presidency.

trying to make Woolley talk when he had nothing to say and knew nothing about the matter, proved useless too. After being shut up in a committee room in the Capitol, fed on oysters, game, champagne, and the like prison fare (at government expense) he persisted in opening his mouth only for the immolation of these articles, "but never a word said he," so they had to release him.

It is definitely stated that Mr. Butler will not accept any nomination for office in future; not even the presidential candidacy in 1872. We do not think he will.

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